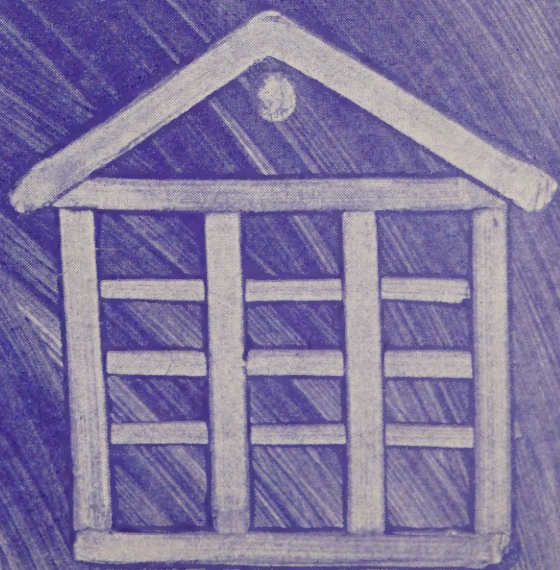


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# Voices of Peace

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A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY  
THE PAPYRUS CLUB OF PEACE, A JUNIOR COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

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VOLUME IX

JANUARY-MARCH, 1941

NUMBER 2

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## These I Love

Light clouds,  
Fluffy light clouds  
Floating in huge billows,  
Canopied by the cool blue sky—  
My clouds.

Spring rain  
Dripping patterns  
On the newborn flowers;  
The faces of children splashing in  
The puddles.

Seven  
White gardenias  
Nestled on a shoulder  
Under happy eyes and smiling lips—  
Fragrant.

Autumn,  
Russet leaves and brown  
Rustling underfoot or  
Waving in the tangy, chilly air—  
The last leaves.

ANNE LANGTRY, '41

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## Retrospect

When over all the winter snows are falling  
And through bare trees the icy wind blows free,  
Green summer fields my heart is now recalling;  
Bright sunny days in blue tranquillity.

Through all the autumn months when leaves were turning  
From vibrant green to harsh and dusty brown,  
For dewy fragrant morns there was a yearning  
When Maytime's blossomed glory sunrise found.

When o'er the frozen ground the field mouse plays  
And all the sky is dull, I then compare  
These with the vivid mem'ry of past days,  
And hold that beauty as a shield against despair.

SIDNEY ANN WILSON, '41

## The Story of the Creation as Told in *Paradise Lost*

In Book Seven of *Paradise Lost*, John Milton sets out to describe, in all the majesty of language he can muster, the Creation of the world and of man.

At first he shows God reflecting on the unsuccessful revolt and subsequent banishment of Lucifer and his rebellious band. He reveals to His Son His intent to establish a new world and raise a race

"Of men innumerable, there to dwell,  
Not here, till, by degrees of merit raised,  
They open to themselves at length the way  
Up hither, under long obedience tried,  
And Earth be changed to Heaven, and Heaven to Earth,  
One kingdom, joy, and union without end."

Milton shows the angels in heaven rejoicing at these words of their Father-God. They sound forth praises when He speaks His will. They sing glory to the Most High, peace on earth, and "good-will to future men."

Meanwhile the Son, the Word, prepares to carry out God's commission. Milton describes Him as "girt with omnipotence," crowned with "radiance . . . of majesty divine, sapience and love immense." At His appearance, a host of celestial spirits arrive to do His bidding, and winged chariots, splendid and adequate for Heaven's work, spontaneously come forth, "attendant on their Lord."

Heaven's gates open wide to let through

"The King of glory, in his powerful Word  
And Spirit coming to create new worlds."

This seems almost to spring into the present scene, demanding to apply itself in our wretched, near-wrecked world. The thought of these two lines, fulfilled, would mean the answer to the peace-prayers of the nations today. "To create new worlds"! New worlds of love and gentleness and discipline and fellowship and good-will and peace—a kingdom created of God in the hearts of men by His Son and Holy Spirit.

The "omnific Word" then rides into Chaos, a vast, dark, wild, and fathomless abyss. Follows the heavenly train, eager to witness Creation. The Son now takes

". . . the golden compasses, prepared  
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe  
This Universe, and all created things.  
One foot he centered, and the other turned  
Round through the vast profundity obscure,  
And said, 'Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds;  
This be thy just circumference, O World!'"

And with these words the matter of heaven and earth is formed.

Moses, to whom the writing of *Genesis* is attributed, said simply: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Milton, the organ-voice of English literature, weaves



around this simple statement a fuller declaration, reverent and harmonious. He does no rudeness or injustice to the first statement of the Pentateuch, but merely adds the bass notes to the melody established by Moses.

And so it is throughout the story Milton tells of the Creation. The music of his verse is deep, sonorous, and powerful. There is no tripping, babbling, or twinkling in his vocabulary; water *throngs*, rolls with "*torrent rapture*," as "armies, at the call of trumpet, . . . troop to their standard."

Milton's words hold power and charm. There is not only a roll, a rumble, an effect of "cascading motion" in his lines when read aloud. Consider the prettiness of imagery here:

"With joy and shout  
The hollow universal orb they filled,  
And touched their golden harps, and hymning praised  
God and his works."

One can almost hear the faint echoes that must have accompanied those musical shouts into the "hollow universal orb." The echoes and the sweet water-over-pebbles sound of their golden harps mingled with the celestial hymning give an image of truly captivating, sweeping harmony. It is a pity that no human ear had then been formed to catch the heavenly strains on that "Birth-day of Heaven and Earth."

Milton uses the words "sowed," "field," and "transplanted," which give an agricultural, earthy sound to the account of God's ordering of the heavenly bodies.

"And sowed with stars the heaven thick as a field.  
Of light by far the greater part he took,  
Transplanted from her cloudy shrine, and placed  
In the Sun's orb."

The poet describes at length the creatures God placed on the earth. Moses devotes six verses of the thirty-one in the first chapter of *Genesis* to an account of the various fish and fowl and beasts placed on the earth the fifth and sixth days of the first week; Milton employs 117 lines in describing the creatures of the earth.

The creation of man is held to be:

". . . the master-work, the end  
Of all yet done—a creature who, not prone  
And brute as other creatures, but endued  
With sanctity of reason, might erect  
His stature, and, upright with front serene  
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence  
Magnanimous to correspond with Heaven,  
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good  
Descends; thither with heart, and voice, and eyes  
Directed in devotion, to adore  
And worship God Supreme, who made him chief  
Of all his works."

Here is beautifully stated the poet's conception of the process of thought in the eternal Father's mind as He created man in His own image. When man begins to see that though he exercises lordship over beasts, he also has a Lord, he *penetrates the mind of God* to that extent. He begins to realize what are the great soul-values and the all-important issues in his life. His living takes on purpose, and through worship he becomes more like the Great Eternal God who formed him.

As the angels joyed at God's going forth to form the world, so they acclaimed His glory as He re-entered Heaven's gates. They sang with rapture:

“ . . . for God will deign  
To visit oft the dwellings of just men  
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse  
Thither will send his wingèd messengers  
On errands of supernal grace.”

Milton's purpose in writing *Paradise Lost*, as stated in Book I, was to “assert eternal providence and justify the ways of God to men.” The story of the Creation as he gives it in Book VII fulfills its part of that purpose. To read it is to glimpse with clearer vision the scope and purpose of all life. This great Christian poet's understanding of the aim and action of the beginning chapter in history is certain to be stimulating to a younger Christian and impressive even to the mind of an unbeliever.

MARJORIE PATTERSON, '41

## Plea for Cremation

I could not bear that this dear flesh I knew,  
This world I loved and held so long my own,  
Should slowly rot at last without its due  
Of splendor passing that held still in stone.

Even our earth, that cannot own the ache  
Of beauty wrought by burning, golden ones,  
Shall have its time of scarlet and shall break,  
As worlds should finish, with the crash of suns!

So I, denied the majesty of kings,  
Humbled in life by swift, forgotten shames,  
Shall have my hour when, on fire-white wings,  
My lonely universe goes up in flames.

TONI NEWLAND, '41



## Lake Waccamaw

To many North Carolinians, the name "Lake Waccamaw" has no particular significance—unless they have actually been there. As it is only an hour's drive to Wrightsville and Carolina Beach, it loses much of its commercial value.

The special beauty of the lake is its picturesque shores. Cedars, oaks, and maples are draped with Spanish moss. Waterlilies grow in blankets of green and white along the edge of the water. The rare Venus fly-trap plant is found in thousands in the swampy lands surrounding the lake. Famous botanists camp on the lake-sides every year to study the rare plants that exist in large numbers and varieties. For several years the professors of botany from George Washington University in Washington, D. C., have spent weeks camping there for the purpose of examining these plants. Lake Waccamaw deserves its unique distinction of being a "botanists' paradise."

The lake, which is seven miles long and five miles wide, is a delightful "backyard playground" for the people of Whiteville and other towns in Columbus County. Popular sports are swimming, diving, sailing, motor-boat racing, fishing, and hiking. Many people from other parts of North Carolina have said to me, "If this lake were only in our part of the state, we wouldn't go to the beaches." Miles of paved roads have been laid and new pavilions erected in the last few years to meet the needs of the lake's extended popularity. Enough seclusion may still be found, however, for vacations to be restful but never dull. Especially have the Waccamaw lake and river become known for excellent fishing. A new hotel and amusement center were built last summer as accommodations for the vacationists, particularly for young people who find "The Anchorage" an enjoyable place for dining, dancing, and bowling.

The lake is named for the Waccamaw tribe of Indians who were the inhabitants of that region when the white men came to the new world. Many legends about them have been popular campfire stories for years. Old Indian relics are still found, and the "Indian Mounds," to many who have been there, is the most entrancing part of the lake shore. My grandparents have told me of the many beads and arrowheads that were plentiful when they were children.

A favorite legend explains the origin of the lake. The story is told that for many years the Waccamaw Indians were in constant warfare with a hostile tribe of the eastern coast. The area which is now the lake is said to have been a beautiful flower garden belonging to the daughter of the Indian chief. Once in battle, when the Waccamaw tribe was being attacked by its foes, the princess in alarm cried out that rather than have her garden destroyed by the invaders, she would see it flooded with water.

Probably nowhere can more unique characters be found than at Lake Waccamaw. Veteran relaters of Indian legends, their names should go down to posterity with their stories.

SARAH PREVATTE, '41



## Why Papyrus?

Why did the writers' club organized at Peace College in 1934 choose the name "Papyrus"? The etymologist would answer: "Because of the literary associations attached to the name." Our word "paper" is derived from the Latin *papyrus*, which in turn came from the Greek *papyros*. Hence, *Voices of Peace* is edited by "Papyrians."

The papyrus was used for a variety of purposes by the ancient Egyptians. From the more slender stalks, sandals, matting, and sails were made, while from the heavier stems were constructed light boats. The pith was boiled and eaten by the poorer classes and the roots dried for fuel.

The most important use of the papyrus plant was, naturally, in the making of paper. Our oldest written records, aside from stone and clay tablets, have been preserved on paper made from this plant. The method employed is described by Douglas McMurtrie in *The Book*. "The stalks were cut into lengths of about sixteen inches. The marrow was then slit into thin strips, which were laid flat side by side. A second layer of these strips was then laid over the first and at right angles to it. The two layers were then treated with a gum solution and pressed, pounded, and smoothed until the surface was suitable for writing. In fresh condition the resulting sheets were of a yellowish white color, later turning to various shades of yellow." When dry, these sheets were polished with a smooth shell or a piece of ivory.

The Egyptians began to use papyrus as a writing material as early as 3500 B.C. Quantities of this paper, in long rectangular sheets rolled up and tied with string, have been found in the very early monuments of Egypt. At a much later date, however, the sheets were cut into rectangular pages and bound together as are the books of today. As a rule, the rolls were little more than twelve inches in height, but when longer manuscripts were needed, the papyrus sheets, usually from twelve to sixteen inches long, were pasted together end to end until the desired length was obtained. The ink used in writing was mixed as it was needed by the scribe, who made his black ink probably from lampblack or soot mixed with gum, and carmine ink from red oxide of iron. The scribe also frayed and softened, perhaps by chewing, the end of a reed to make a sort of pen or brush. The split pen came into vogue only with the use of parchment. Mr. McMurtrie gives an interesting description of the writing implements used by an Egyptian scribe. In addition to papyrus, the name given to the paper, the scribe carried "two reed pens in a protective carrying case, a little jar of water, and a palette with two round depressions in which to mix his red and black inks. The palette and water bottle were often tied to the pen case with a cord, so that the whole equipment could be slung over the shoulder or carried in the hand."

With the spread of Greek learning in Egypt, the use of the papyri greatly increased. The numerous laws, petitions, wills, contracts, letters, etc., which have been found, are extremely valuable. They give us a clearer understanding not only of the language spoken, but of the life and customs of the people of Egypt under Greek and Roman rule.

While papyrus was used for many centuries, it was never a writing material of first class quality. It was easily damaged by dampness and became extremely brittle when allowed to dry out. After it became stylish to write letters on paper, a certain Egyptian letter closed with the apology, "Pardon the papyrus."

Even though the literary papyri are relatively few, a number of very important manuscripts have come to light. Among these are the *Orations* of Hypereides, the treatises of



Aristotle, and the *Persians* of Timotheus. One of the most interesting discoveries, however, was made about 1888 by Flinders Petrie. A number of mummy cases made of old papyri were found, and with a great deal of labor the fragments which had been pasted together were separated; thus were revealed part of the lost *Antiope* of Euripides as well as bits of the *Gorgias* and *Phaedo* of Plato.

Today, according to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, the papyrus plant can still be found growing in Abyssinia and the upper Nile regions of Egypt. Robert Ripley, however, in his "Believe It or Not" column in November of this year, does not agree with this. According to him, the Anapo River in Sicily is the only place in the world where papyrus now grows. He tells an interesting story of the origin of the papyrus in Sicily. It seems that King Hiero II of Siracusa sent an 8,000 ton ship laden with gifts to Ptolemy, King of Egypt: "In return the Egyptian king sent the Syracusan the seeds of the papyrus plant. The seeds were planted at the order of the king near the river where they still grow, while their mother country (Egypt) knows them no more."

While parchment and paper (as we know it) long ago took the place of this ancient writing material, papyrus will always hold the interest of students because of the great part it played in the preservation of the thoughts of antiquity.

MYRA JONES, '41

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## To April

When April knocks on my heart's door,  
Seeking entrance there once more,  
Oh, hastily I bar my door  
To April.

But when the first green buds appear,  
And I can smell the lilacs near,  
I argue I have naught to fear  
From April.

Then I forget that chill winds blow  
And hide the violets under snow.  
Oh, heart, again I let you go  
To April.

FRAN RAINEY, '42

## National Defense in Wake County

"National Defense," in recent months, has become the watchword of the United States. From the teeming pavements of the largest city to the loneliest farm home "National Defense" became real, vibrant, meaningful, not just a catchy phrase, when the Selective Service Act machinery started operating. Registration of men eligible for military training reached into approximately seventy-five per cent of the homes of the land.

Since then every community has contributed its quota—based upon the ratio between the number of men called for immediate training and the total number eligible for service—and will continue to contribute its share of young men to the army of defense being built by Uncle Sam.

So far there has been little that political sub-divisions, such as cities and counties, could do in their individual capacity to assist directly in the defense program. This, of course, applies in less degree to those areas in which are located vital defense industries or military establishments. In such areas, the city and county governments have the patriotic duty of coöperating in the provision of adequate housing, recreational facilities, and transportation services, and in the construction of needed highways.

There is also the extremely important problem of public health. In this field the local governments can contribute increasingly to the success of the national defense program. Through application of the principles of preventive medicine, epidemics to a large extent can be avoided or controlled. It is vital that every safeguard known to science be maintained to protect the health of those engaged in activities connected either directly or indirectly with the defense needs.

Since there are neither war industries nor military establishments in the immediate Raleigh-Wake County area, these two political units are limited for the present, at least, in opportunities to contribute materially to the defense effort. Limitation of opportunities, however, has not resulted in inactivity.

Hundreds of residents of Raleigh and Wake County are employed in the gigantic building program at Fort Bragg, sixty miles southwest of Raleigh. Health authorities of Raleigh and Wake County, knowing the importance of keeping the weakening hands of epidemic disease from striking a blow against preparedness, seek constantly to combat this potential enemy.

An acute housing shortage exists at Fayetteville, ten miles from Fort Bragg and nearest city to that army post, and despite the distance between Raleigh and the army camp scores of workers employed there live in Raleigh and commute daily. With the recent placing in operation of bus schedules facilitating daily commuting between Raleigh and Fort Bragg, a possible housing shortage threatens in Raleigh. City and county authorities are studying the situation with a view to the prevention of such a shortage.

Joint action is being taken by the city and county toward construction of a large Raleigh-Wake County-City of Durham-owned airport, physically designed and constructed so that, if the need arose, it might be converted almost overnight into a military air center. This airport, for which the three governmental units involved have already made preliminary financial arrangements, is to be located midway between Raleigh and Durham.

The city of Raleigh at present owns and has leased to private parties a well-equipped but small airport five miles south of Raleigh on the Fayetteville highway. Tender has been made of this property to the War Department for any desirable defense purpose.

Various county, school, and local authorities in Wake County have established vocational training classes where young men are being trained for work in industries whose production



is vital to national defense. Establishment of such classes has been in coöperation with the National Youth Administration and other federal agencies under a special act of Congress which provided funds for this type of training.

At North Carolina State College, located in Raleigh, 313 young men have completed courses in this specialized vocational training since last July when the federal government made available \$30,000 to State College to help defray costs of such classes. In addition, since January 1, 1941, more than 300 young men have been enrolled in special engineering training, covering nine distinct branches of engineering, at State College. A second \$30,000 was provided by the federal government for this purpose.

Thirty other young men are enrolled in the State College student pilot training class, designed to increase Uncle Sam's military aviation forces and to provide, in time of international peace, commercial airline pilots.

The college's R. O. T. C. regiment, having a personnel of about 1,400 military students, contains many potential officers for the Army, men who are receiving the necessary basic military training fitting them for active duty with the armed forces of the nation.

Raleigh and other cities and towns of Wake County are working closely with the Adjutant-General of North Carolina, and through him with the War Department, in the establishment of the Home Guard, the new military organization authorized by Congress to replace, at home, the National Guard. Induction of the National Guard into active military service left the states of the nation without any available militia-like organization for the quelling of domestic disturbances beyond the power of the strictly civil authorities to control. It is to meet any such possible emergency that the Home Guard is being formed. Appointment of Home Guard officers is to be made by the Governor upon the recommendation of the city or town where the unit is established.

Many other preparedness activities, directly or indirectly connected with the National Defense program, but not with the city or county governments, are going on in Raleigh and Wake County. These include the registration of all trained nurses either active or inactive in their profession who might be available in an emergency, the raising of funds to purchase mobile kitchens and ambulances for England, the providing of homes for refugee children from the bomb-destroyed areas of Britain, and the collection of "Bundles for Britain."

The Wake County Chapter of the American Red Cross is engaged in many activities connected closely with national defense. It is assisting distressed families of men who are in military service, and is making emergency furlough investigations for the military authorities. Other duties it is performing include the acting as communication agency between army and navy hospitals and families of men sick there, the providing of materials for the making of sweaters, sox, robes, dresses, and other articles of clothing for war refugees. More than 500 volunteers are engaged in making such garments.

The local Red Cross unit also is conducting first-aid training classes in the military department of State College, and is teaching its personnel to adapt disaster relief technique to war hazards. It is constantly expanding its enrollment of medical technicians and nurses whose services might be required in emergencies.

A group of the citizens of Raleigh have organized a branch of the Southern Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies.

Only lack of opportunity has limited Raleigh and Wake County's National Defense effort. As additional opportunities develop, if the future can be judged by the past, they will be seized upon eagerly.

CONNIE REDWINE,  
Senior Preparatory

## He Sat in My Chair

I must get up and close the window! I knew that I must and yet I hesitated. With each gust of wind a great sheet of rain blew into the room, and already the curtain was a sopping, flapping rag. All this I saw and took in, but it was so dark, and the street-light outside made such weird patterns on the wall, that I could not bring myself to leave the warm, cozy haven of my bed. Then the wind began to mount in fury, and the rain came in greater gusts; so wearily I raised myself to a sitting position, swung my feet over the side of the bed, and began to search furtively with them for the blue woolly bedroom shoes that were supposed to be there. My shivering toes had just touched the warm softness of my slippers, and I was about to make a mad dash for the window—when I saw him! At first, I could only sit and stare, terrified; my voice had deserted me. I tried to scream; I tried to pull my feet up from the floor to my bed; but all that I could do was sit and stare at him in a sort of fascinated horror.

A streak of the dancing light of the street-lamp fell full upon his face and, clear across the room from him, I could catch the wicked gleam of his eye as he sat there in the straight-backed chair before my desk. Sleek and gray, perfectly still he sat, except for an almost imperceptible patting of his right foot. The patting went on incessantly, and, transfixed, I could not take my eyes off that foot. So bright grew the light, or so used to the darkness my eyes, that I could even see the nails on his bare toes, and I caught myself counting them to see if there were ten as there should be.

I must have been holding my breath; for when he suddenly turned his head, and I saw clearly outlined the sharpness of his nose and chin and caught the glimmer of his even white teeth, I let out such a gasp that *he* gave one terrified glance around him—then, with a single bound, the tiny gray mouse left the chair and scooted away to his hole.

ISABEL McKEITHEN, '41

## Melancholia

Oh, sea, are you but the salty tears  
 Shed by a sad and strife-torn world,  
 Collected throughout all the bitter years  
 The flag of futile grief unfurled?

Your moaning wail against the sighing wind,  
 Like stormy tears that rage on shores of peace,—  
 The everlasting dirge of souls behind  
 Cold fantasies from which there's no release.

SIDNEY ANN WILSON, '41



# VOICES of PEACE

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## EDITORIAL

### “The Cliffs of England Stand”

In the *Atlantic Monthly* of last October, appeared a very impressive article by Mr. H. M. Tomlinson: “The Cliffs of England Stand.” This article is still timely. We take pleasure in presenting here some excerpts from a condensation prepared last fall by Catherine Jones of the Junior Class:

“From the summit of this steep English upland I see only the slow clouds drift, and the conies flicker about. The ocean below is still, is anonymous, a dark floor tilted against the bright vault. . . . From out there comes a threat, that the ancient ways of life of the rough islanders are to be ended. We are told we have lived too long as we pleased. This historic foreland is condemned—is to be given to the foxes and hawks. Beyond the horizon is hate. So we must keep watch upon it once again in the way of our forefathers. We prefer that England should not return to briars, furs, and vermin. . . .

“The battle is more than encounters between ships, airplanes, artillery, and tanks. Out of the viewless comes a corruption of the instinctive loyalties of men. . . . What confronts us is a revolution against all those traditional sanctities acknowledged by good fellowship, and without which hitherto we could not imagine communal life. This new revolution contaminates the source of motives. Honor, in its language, can mean the same as treachery, and in its thought an altar is as any gaming table. It effects a change of the soul; instead of the old-fashioned salvation, is damnation. For this new revolutionary ardor is not for liberty, equality, and fraternity, but appeals to the innate baseness of men, usually controlled by the laws and conventions of decent folk. . . .

“So no more content in the hours of the day. No more a book in solitude by candlelight at midnight. No more a garden of one’s own. Even daydreams, in which the future is occasionally shaped, are broken when the warbling note is heard to direct us to seek cover. Ah! That future! Families are scattered and homes abandoned. We may not enter them any more. The accustomed work of a man is lost to him, and may not again be wanted of him. What is art, literature, and science, when regions, with their towns, must be abandoned to sandbags, barbed wire, and guns? Our ways of life could not have been more disrupted by

a general earthquake; we must manage in catastrophe with chance adaptations. Yet how resilient is common human life! Their work done, villagers leave home of an evening, with what weapons they can get, to patrol their fields and hills. At dusk one meets them sauntering off, with rifles and shotguns, not knowing what may drop from the sky while their families sleep. . . .

"Democracy is not old and worn. Never believe it. It is still in its early and experimental stage. In such an adventure as this it shows its juvenile adaptability, sprightliness, and temerity.

\* \* \* \* \*

"We are waiting. Back in a London suburb, after blackout time, with the night sky still retaining a bright memory of day, we see our own place in an aspect that is like excommunication. . . . Perhaps we shall meet another lost soul in the twilight presently, with later news than ours. Only the stars are familiar.

"Long after midnight, because sleep will not come, I look again at the sky. One must watch for signs and wonders. The heavens are now crosshatched with the bright beams of the searchlights. It is as if day had come desperately in narrow nervous sections, trying to unify into morning, but frustrated by an immovable mass of night. When will morning come?"

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## EXCHANGES

*The Hi-Po*, published by the students of High Point College, has always been a source of enjoyment for Peace girls. The following jokes have been selected from this paper:

[Dedicated to Miss Steele's Spanish classes]

Primer hombre: "Quien era la senorita, con-guien yo te vi anoche?"

Segundo hombre: "Ella no era una senorita, elle era mi esposa."

Nonsense:

"What day of the week is this?"

"Half-past ten."

"Oh, my mistake, I thought it was October."

"The dog stood on the burning deck. Hot dog!"

"The columnist may dig and toil

'Til his poor brain is sore,

But some poor fish is sure to say

'I've heard that joke before.'"



## PEPPERPOT



## Reform Bill

Say, gals, has anyone seen a *dream* walking around our fair campus? References are to Peace girls living, not dead. I have been scrutinizing the darkest corners and as yet my efforts have been absolutely *nil*. Shouldn't we be ashamed to tell *that* to the folks back home! All I can see is that something has just "gotta" be done. Since we have our academics under hand, at last, I hope, I hope, I hope,—let's stop for awhile and take a look at ourselves, as in "watch bird." What do you see? Goodness, it is bad, isn't it! Well, just listen closely, all you would-be-dreams, for you're about to become the victims of six easy lessons.

Lesson One: Breakfast. How did you look coming into breakfast this morning? Did you come in on wings of song or dragging in as I did?—guilty conscience, no art notebook. Did your hair look as if it had been combed and brushed within the last aeon? Or was it arranged in the manner it happened to get slept on last night? Ten minutes' struggle with bobbie pins would have made that mop curly. How were your clothes thrown together? Any eye for color harmony? If we really used our knots, we could achieve some eye-catching combinations. How did those feet look? Were your saddle shoes as muddy as mine were? Flash! Carolina men cast their eyes for clean saddle shoes—the rats! Gracious, here we've been rambling and it's almost class time. Grab a glass of milk and let's hurry on to the second lesson.

Lesson Two: Halls. How did we look to each other this morning in the halls? Like the inside of our notebooks, with articles hanging and poking out? Were our necks mirror reflections for the people who sit behind us? Were our sweaters clean? How did we sit in class—on our backbones? (You're welcome, Miss Little.) Did we bite our fingernails and twist our curls? If so, beware of Miss Raynor. Did we honestly try to pay attention to Miss J——'s orations on the adult stage of the sheep liver fluke? Here's your reward if you did—School's out.

[To be concluded in next issue]

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